

A Pleasant Comedy, called

A
MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the Cocke-pit
in Drury-lane, with much Applause:
By her Maiesties Servants.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



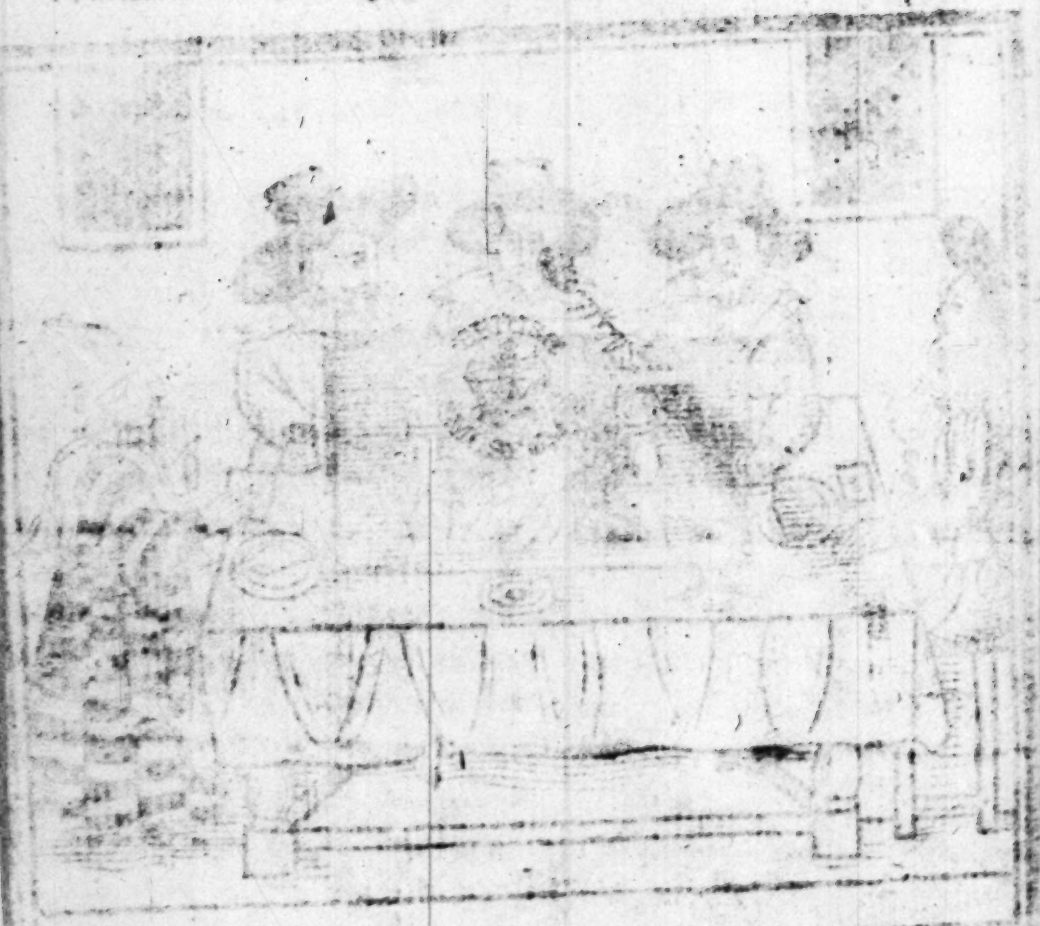
LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *John Iackson* and *Francis Church*, and are
to be sold at the *Kings Armes* in *Cheape-side*. 1634.

A Pleasant

MAY-DAY

As it hath been
in the year
of the
of the
of the



Printed by Nicholas Owen for John Jackson and Francis
to be sold at the Kings Arms in Covent Garden



To the Reader.



Ourteous Reader, (of what sexe soeuer) let not the Title of this Play any way deterre thee from the perusal thereof: For there is nothing herein contained, which doth deuiate either from Modesty, or good Manners. For though the Argument be drawne from a Mayden-head lost, yet to be well lost, cleares it from all aspersiō. Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall censure of that most horrible Histriomastix, whose vncharitable doome hauing damned all such to the flames of Hell, hath it selfe already suffered a most remarkable fire here vpon Earth. This hath bene frequently, and publuckly Acted without exception, and I presume may be freely read without distaste; and of all in generall: excepting such, whose prepared palats, disgusting all Poems of this nature, are poysoned with the bitter iuice of that Colcquintida and Hemlocke, which can neither relsh the peace of the

To the Reader.

Church nor Common-weale. Nothing remaineth further to be said, but read charitably, and then censure without prejudice.

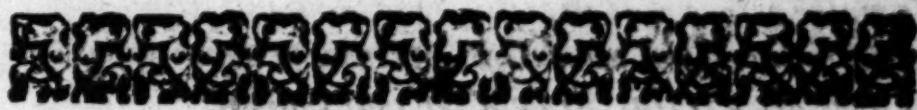
By him who hath beene ever studious
of thy fauour,

Thomas Heywood.



Drama's Persons.

The Duke of <i>Florence.</i>	The Duke of <i>Millaine.</i>
The Prince of <i>Florence.</i>	The Prince of <i>Parma.</i>
<i>Mounſieur</i> , the Tutor to the Prince.	<i>Julia</i> Daughter to <i>Millaine.</i>
The Widdow of the Ge- nerall.	<i>Sforza</i> Secretary to the Duke.
<i>Sforza.</i>	A Souldier of <i>Sforza's.</i>
Their Daughter <i>Laureſta.</i>	Three maimed Soul- diers.
The Clowne their Seruant.	A Lord of <i>Millaine.</i>
A Huntsman.	Attendants,
A Lord of <i>Florence.</i>	Other Lords, &c.





The Prologue.

Prologues to Playes in vse, and common are,
As Vshers to Great Ladies : Both walke bare,
And comely both ; conducting Beauty they
And mee appeare, to vsher in our Play.
Yet, be their faces foule, or featur'd well,
Be they hard-fauoured, or in lookes excell ;
Yet being Vsher, he owes no lesse duty
Vnto the most deformed, then the choise Beattie.
It is our case ; we vsher Aets and Scenes,
Some honest, and yet some may proue like Queanes,
(Loose and base stuffe) yet that is not our fault,
We walke before, but not like Panders haule
Before such cripled ware : Th' Aets we present
We hope are virgins, drawne for your content
Vnto this Stage : Maides gratefull are to Men,
Our Scenes being such, (like such) accept them then.



A
MAYDEN-HEAD
VVELL LOST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iulia and Strazo.

indifferently



Iulia. Hat thee should doo't?

Strazo. Shee?

Iul. May we build vpon't?

Str. As on a base of Marble; I haue scene
Strange passages of loue, loose enterchanges
Of hands and eyes betwixt her and the Prince,
Madame looke too't.

Iul. What hope hath he in one
So meanly bred? or shes't obtaine a Prince
Of such descent and linnage?

Str. What but this
That you must vndergoe the name of wife,
And she to intercept the sweetes of loue
Due to your bed.

Iul. To be his strumpet?

Str. Madame a woman may guesse vnhappyly.

Iul. Thou shouldst be honest.

Str. Yes, many should
Be what they are not: but I alwayes was,

A Maiden-head well lost.

And euer will be one, (that's still my selfe.)

Inl. The Generall *Sforzas* daughter? is't not she?

Str. Is that yet questioned? as if the chaste Court
Had saue her selfe one so degenerate,

So dissolutely wanton, so profuse

In prostitution too, so impudent

And blushlesse in her proud ambitious aime,

As if no man could her intemperance please,

Saue him whom Heauen hath destin'd to your bed.

Inl. I neuer saw them yet familiar.

Str. Ha, ha, as if they'd send for you to see't.

To witnesse what they most strue to conceale,

Be guld? be branded: 'lasto me, all's nothing,

I shall ne're smart for't, what is't to me?

If being a Bride, you haue a widdowed fortune;

If being married, you must throw your selfe

Vpon a desolate bed, and in your armes,

Claspe nought but Ayre, whilst his armes full of pleasure

Borrow'd from a stolne beauty, shall this grieue

Or trouble me? breake my sleepes? make me starte

At midnight vp, and fill the house with clamours?

Shall this bring strange brats to be bred and brought

Vpat my fire, and call me Dad? No: this

Concernes not me more then my loue to you

To your high Soueraignty.

Inl. I now repent

Too late, since I too lauishly haue giuen him

The vtmost he could aske, and stretch my honour

Beyond all lawfull bounds of modesty.

Hee's couetous of others, and neglects

His owne; but I will part those their stolne pleasures,

And crosse those lustfull sports they haue in chase,

Not be the pillow to my owne disgrace.

Exit.

Str. The game's on foot, and there's an easie path

To my reuenge; this beauteous *Millanois*

Vnto th'Duke sole heire, still courted, crau'd,

And

A Maiden-head well lost.

And by the *Parma* Prince solicited,
Which I still study how to breake, and cast
Aspersions betwixt both of strange dislike;
But wherein hath the other innocent Mayde
So iniur'd me, that I should scandall her?
Her Father is the Generall to the Duke:
For when I studded to be rais'd by Armes,
And purchase me high eminence in Campe,
He crost my fortunes, and return'd me home
A Cashierd Captaine; for which iniury
I scandall all his meanes vnto the Duke,
And to the Princeesse all his daughters vertues,
I labour to inuert, and bring them both
Into disgracefull hatred.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Stroza? *Str. My Lord?*

Par. Saw you the Princeesse? *Str. Iulia?*

Par. She?

Str. I haue my Lord of late no eare of hers,
Nor she a tongue of mine; the, time hath bin
Till soothing Sycophants and Court Parasites
Supplanted me.

Par. I haue the power with her
To bring thee into grace.

Str. Haue you the power
To keepe your selfe in? doe you smile my Lord?

Par. I tell thee *Stroza*, I haue that interest
In *Iulias* bosome, that the proudest Prince
In *Italy* cannot supplant me thence.

Str. Sir,
Ino way question it: but haue I not knowne
A Prince hath bin repulst, and meanest persons
Bosom'd? the Prince would once haue lookt vpon me,
When small intreaty would haue gain'd an eye,
An eare, a tongue, to speake yea, and a heart,
To thinke I could be secret.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Par. What meanes *Stroza*?

Str. But 'tis the fate of all mortality :

Man cannot long be happy ; but my passion
Will make me turne blab , I shall out with all.

Par. Whence comes this ? 'tis suspicious, and I must be
Inquisitive to know't.

Str. A Iest my Lord,
I'le tell you a good Iest.

Par. Prithee let's heare it.

Str. What will you say, if at your meeting next
With this faire Princessse ? shee begins to raue,
To raile vpon you, to exclaime on your
Inconstancy, and call the innocent name
Of some chaste Maide in question, whom perhaps
You neuer ey'd my Lord.

Par. What of all this ?

Str. What but to excuse her owne : (I'le not say what)
Put off the purpos'd Contract : and my Lord
Come, come, I know you haue a pregnant wit.

Par. We parted last with all the kindest greeting
Lovers could adde fare-well with : but should this change
Suite thy report, I should be fore't to thinke
That, which cuen Oracles themselues could neuer
Force me to that she is.

Str. All women are not
Sincerely constant, but obserue my Lord.

*Enter Iulia, the Generals Wife, and Lauretta
her Daughter.*

Iul. Minion is't you ? there's for you, know your owne.

Str. Obseru'd you that my Lord ? *Iulia meets her and*

Lan. Why did you strike me Madame ? *strikes her, then*

Iul. Strumpet, why ? *speakes.*

Dare you contest with vs ?

Lan. Who dare with Princessse ? subjects must forbear
Each step I treade I'le water with a teare.

Exeunt Mother and Lauretta weeping.

Str.

A Mayden-head well lost.

Str. I spy a storme a coming, Ile to shelter. *Exit Stro.*

Par. Your meaning Madame?

Jul. Did it Sir with yours.

But correspond, it would be bad indeede.

Par. VVhy did you strike that Lady?

Jul. Cause you should pittie her.

Par. Small cause for blowes.

Jul. I strucke her publicly.

Par. You giue her blowes in priuate: *Par. Stroza still?*

Jul. Goe periurd and dispose thy false allurements
Mongst them that will beleue thee, thou hast lost
Thy credit here for euer.

Par. I shall finde
Faith else-where then.

Jul. Eye spread thy snares
To catch poore innocent Maides: and hauing tane them
In the like pit-fall, with their shipwrackt honours,
Make seasure of their liues.

Par. Iniurious Lady,
All thou canst touch my Honour with, I cast
On thee, and henceforth I will flye thee as
A Basaliske. I haue found the change of lust,
Your loose inconstancy, which is as plaine
To me, as were it writ vpon thy brow,
You shall not cast me off: I hate thy sight,
And from this houre I will abiure thee quite. *Exit Parma.*

Jul. Ile call him backe: if *Stroza* be no villaine,
He is not worth my clamour. What was that startled
Within me? Oh I am dishonoured
Perpetually; for he hath left behinde
That pledge of his acquaintance, that will for euer
Cleau to my blood in scandall, I must now
Sue, send, and craue, and what before I scorn'd
By prayers to grant, submissiuely implore. *Exit Iulia.*

A flourish. Enter the Duke of Millenie, the Generals wife, and
deliuers a petition with *Stroza*, *Lauretta*, and attendants.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Duke. Lady your suite?

Wife. So please your Grace peruse it,
It is included there.

Duke. Our generals Wife?

Duke. We know you Lady, and your beauteous Daughter,
Nay you shall spare your knee,

Str. More plot for mee;
My brain's in labour, and must be deliuered
Of some new mischeife?

Duke. You petition heere
For Men and Money I making a free relation
Of all your Husbands fortunes, how supplies
Haue beene delay'd, and what extremities
He hath indurd at *Naples* dreadfull Seige;
We know them all, and withall doe acknowledge
All plentious blessings by the power of Heauen,
By him wee doe obtaine, and by his valour
Lady we greue he hath beene so neglected.

Wife. O Roiall Sir, you still were Gracious,
But twixt your Vertues and his Merits there
Hath beene some interception, that hath stop't
The current of your fauours.

Duke. All which shal bee remou'd, and hee appeare
Henceforth a bright starre in our courtly spheare.

Str. But no such Comet here shall daze my sight,
Whilst I a Cloud am to Eclips that light *Exit Stroza.*

Duke. We sent out our Commissions two Monthes since
For Men and Money, nor was't our intent
It should bee thus delayd: though we are Prince,
We onely can command, to Execute
Tis not in vs but in our Officers,
We vnderstand that by their negligence
He has beene put to much extremity
Of Dearth and Famine; many a stormy night
Beene forc'd to roose himselfe i'th open field,
Nay more then this, much of his owne reuenuē

Hee

A Mayden-head well lost.

He hath expended, all to pay his Souldiers :
Yet Reuerend Madame, but forget what's past,
Though late, weele quit his merit at the last.

Enter Iulia and Stroza whispering.

Wife. Your Highnesse is most Royall?

Stro. Her Father shall be in the Campe releiu'd,
She grac'd in Court, how will she braue you then?
If suffer this take all? why the meaneft Lady
Would neuer brooke an equall? you a Princess?
And can you brooke a base competitor?

Iulia. It shall not, we are fixt and stand immou'd,
And will be swaid by no hand.

Duk. *Iulia?*

Iulia. A Sutor to that Lady Royall Father,
Before she be a widdow that you are
So primate in discourse?

Duk. O you mistake,
For shee the sutor is and hath obtain'd.

Iulia. I'm glad I haue found you in the giuing vaine,
Will you grant me one boone to?

Duk. Question not,
To hast your Marriage with the former Prince,
Or at the least the contract, is't not that?

Iulia. Say twere my Lord?

Duk. It could not be denide
But speake? thy suite?

Iulia. To haue this modest Gentlewoman
Banisht the Court,

Wife. My Daughter Royall princeffe,
Show vs some cause I beg it?

Iulia. Lady though
You be ith begging vaine, I am not now
In the giuing, will you leaue vs?

Lauretta. Wherein O Heauen
Haue I deseru'd your wrath, that you should thus

persue

A Maiden-head well lost.

Persue me? I haue searcht, indeed beyond
My vnderstanding, but yet cannot finde?
Wherein I haue offended by my chastity.

Iulia. How chastitiy?

A thing long sought 'mongst Captains wiues and daughters,
Yet hardly can bee found.

Duke. Faier Lady yeild

Vnto my daughters spleen her rage blowne 'ore,
Feare not, Ile make your peace, as for your suite
Touching your husband, that will I secure.

Iul. Haste *Stroza*, vnto the Prince his chamber,
Giue him this letter, it concernes my honor,
My state, my life, all that I can call good
Depends vpon the safe deliuey
Of these few broken Letters.

Str. Maddam, tis done -----

Exit.

Iul. VVhat stayes she to out-face me?

Lau. Madam, I yeeld

VVay to your spleene, not knowing whence it growes,
Bearing your words more heauy then your blowes.

Wife. Small hope there is to see the Father righted,
VVhen the child is thus wrong'd.

Enter a Souldier and Stroza.

Soul. Must speake with the Duke,

Str. Must follow? stay your howre, and dance attendance
Vntill the Duke's at leisure.

Soul. Ile doe neither,

I come in haste with newes,

Str. VVhy then keepe out fir.

Soul. Ha Milksope? know percullist gates

Though kept with Pikes & Muskets, could nere keepe me out
And dost thou think to shut me out with VVainsoot?

Duk. VVhat's he?

Soul. A Souldier,

Duk. VVhence?

Soul. The Canipe

Duk. The newes? *Soul.* A mighty losse; a glorious victory.

Duke

A Maiden-head well lost.

Duke But which the greater?

Soul. Tis vncertaine Sir:

But will you heare the best or bad newes first?

Duke. Cheere me with conquest first, that being arm'd
With thy best newes, we better may endure
What sounds more fatall.

Soul. Heare me then my Lord,
We sack't the Citty after nine Moneths siege,
Furnisht with store of all warres furniture,
Our (neuer to be prais'd enough) braue Generall
Fought in the Cannons face, their number still
Increast, but our diminish't; their souldiers pay
Doubled, and ours kept backe: but we (braue spirits)
The losse we had of Coyne, the more we tooke
Vnto our selues of Courage, but when all
Our furniture was spent euen to one day,
And that to morrow we must be inforc't
To raise a shamefull siege, then stood our General
(Our valiant Generall) vp, and breath'd vpon vs
His owne vndaunted spirit, which spred through
The Campe, return'd it doubly arm'd againe:
For he did meane to lay vpon one shott
His state and fortune, and then instantly
He bad vs arme and follow: On then he went,
We after him; oh! 'twas a glorious fight,
Fit for a Theater of Gods to see,
How we made vp and mauger all opposure,
Made way through raging stormes of showring bullets;
At last we came to hooke our ladders, and
By them to skale. The first that mounted, was
Our bold couragious Generall: after him
Ten thousand, so we instantly were made
Lords of the Citty, purchas'd in two houres
After a nine Moneths siege: all by the valour
Of our approued Generall.

[*Duke.* I neuer heard a brauer victory,

A Maiden-head well lost.

But what's our losse?

Soul. Oh that, which ten such Conquests
Cannot make good, your worthy Generall.

Wife. My Lord and husband? spare me passion,
I must with-draw to death. *Exit.*

Duke. How perish't he?
What dy'de he by the sword?

Soul. Sword? No alas,
No sword durst byte vpon his noble flesh,
Nor bullet raze his skinn: he whom War feared,
The Cannon spar'd, no steele durst venture on.
No Duke, 'twas thy ynkinde ingratitude
Hath slaine braue *Sforza*.

Duke. Speake the cause?

Soul. I shall:
This Citty seiz'd, his purpose was the spoyle
To giue his Souldiers; but when his seal'd Commission
He had vnript, and saw expresse command,
To deale no farther then to victory,
And that his great Authority was curb'd,
And giuen to others, that respect their profit
More then the worth of souldiers: open for griefe,
That he could neither furnish vs with pay
Which was kept back, nor guerdon vs with spoile,
What was about him he distributed,
Euen to the best deseruers, as his garments,
His Armes, and Tent, then some few words spake,
And so oppress't with griefe, his great heart brake.

Ser. There's one gone then.

Duke. Attend for thy reward,
So leaue vs.

Soul. Pray on whom shall I attend?
V Who is't must pay me? *Ser.* I sir.

Soul. You sir? tell me,
V Will it not cost me more the waiting for,
Then the summe comes to when it is receiv'd?

I doe

A Maiden-head well lost.

I doe but ~~ask~~ the question.

Str. You are a bold
And saucy souldier.

Soul. You are a cunning slave,
And cowardly Courtesier.

Duke. See all things be dispatcht
Touching conditions of attuned peace
'Twixt vs and Naples: see that souldier to
Haue his reward.

Soul. Come will you pay me fir? *Exit Soul.*

Str. Sir, will you walke as for your saucinesse
I'll teach you a Court-tricke: you shall be taught
How to attend.

Duke. But that our General's lost:

Str. Is't not now peace, what should a General doe?
Had he return'd, he would haue lookt for honour,
This suite and that for such a follower:
Now Royall sir, that debt is quite discharg'd.

Duke. But for his wife, we must be mindefull of her,
And see we doe so. *Exit Duke.*

Int. Speake, will he come?

Str. Madam, I found him ready to depart
The Court with expedition: but at my vrgence
He promis't you a parley.

Int. It is well:

If prayers or teares can moue him, Ile make way
To saue my owne shame, and enforce his stay.

Exeunt.

Enter three souldiers: one without an arme.

1 Soul. Come fellow souldiers, doe you know the reason
That we are summon'd thus vnto the house
Of our dead General?

2 Soul. Sure 'tis about
Our pay.

3 Soul. But stand aside, here comes the Lady.

Enter the Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Wife. Are all these Gentlemen summoned together, and so be I
That were my Husbands followers, and whose fortunes
Expir'd in him?

Clo. They are if please your Ladiship: though I was neuer
Tawny-coate, I haue playd the summoners part, and the rest
are already paide, onely these three attend your Ladiships re-
muneration.

Wife. VVelcome Gentlemen, My Husband led you on to many dangers
Two yeares, and last to poverty: His reuewewes
Before hand he sold to maintaine his Army,
VVhen the Dukes pay still fail'd, you know you were
Stor'd euer from his Coffers.

1 Soul. He was a right
And worthy Generall.

2 Soul. He was no lesse.

Clo. He was no lesse; and all you know hee was no more,
well, had he liu'd, I had beene plac't in some house of office
or other ere this time.

Wife. It was his will, which to my vtmost power
I will make good, to satisfie his souldiers
To the vtmost farthing. All his Gold and Jewels
I haue already added, yet are we still
To score to souldiery? what is your summe?

1 Soul. Pay for three Moneths.

Wife. There's double that in Gold.

1 Soul. I thanke your Ladiship.

Wife. VVhat yours?

2 Soul. VVhy Madam,
For foure Moneths pay.

Wife. This Jewell summounts that.

2 Soul. I am treble satisfied.

Wife. You are behinde hand too.

Clo. Ey but Madam, I thinke he be no true souldier.

Wife. No true Souldier your reason?

Clo. Marry because he walkes without his Armes.

Wife.

A Mayden-head well lost.

Wife. The Dukes Treasure
Cannot make good that losse, yet are we rich
In one thing.
Nothing we haue that were of nothing made,
Nothing we owe, my Husbands debts are payd.
Morrow Gentlemen

All. Madam, Hearts, Swords and hands, rest still
At your command.

Wife. Gentlemen I'me sorry that I cannot pay you better,
Vnto my wishes and your owne desert,
'Tis plainly seene great Persons oft times fall,
And the most Rich cannot giue more then all.
Good morrow Gentlemen,

All. May you be euer happy. *Exeunt Souldiers.*

Clo. I but Madam, this is a hard case being truly considered, to giue away all, why your Shoe-maker, though he hath many other Toolles to worke with, he will not giue away his All.

Wife. All ours was his alone, it came by him.
And for his Honour it was paid againe.

Clo. VVhy, say I had a peece of Meate, I had a mind to, I might perhaps giue away a Modicum, a Morcell, a Fragment or so, but to giue away and bee a hungry my selfe, I durst not doo't for my Guts, or say I should meete with a friend that had but one Penny in his Purse, that should giue mee a Pot of Ale, that should drinke to me, and drinke y^e all, I'le stand too't there's no Conscience in't.

Law. VVhat hath beene done was for my Fathers Honor.

Clo. Shee might haue giuen away a little, and a little, but VVhen all is gone, what's left for me?

Wife. VVee will leaue *Millaine* and to *Florence* straight,
Though wee are poore, yet where we liue vnkowne
'Tis the lesse grieffe, sirrah, will you consort
VWith vs, and beare a part in our misfortunes?

Clo. Troth Madam, I could find in my heart to goe with you but for one thing.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Wife. What's that?

Clow. Because you are too liberall a Mistresse: and that's a fault seldome found among Ladies: For looke, you vse I o giue away all, and I am all that is left; and I am affraide when you come into a strange Countrey, you'll giue away me too, so that I shall neuer liue to be my owne man.

Wife. Tush, feare it not.

Clow. Why then I'll goe with you in spite of your teeth.

Wife. Leauē *Milleins* then, to *Florence* be our guide,
Heauen when man failes, must for our helpe prouide. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Parma reading a Letter: after him Iulia.

Par. This Letter came from you, 'tis your Character.

Iul. That hand in Contract you so long haue had,
Should not seeme strange to you now.

Par. You are with-childe,
So doth your Letter say: what change your face?

Iu. My blushes must speake for me.

Par. And this Childe
You would bestow on me: y^e are very liberall Lady,
You giue me more then I did meane to aske.

Iu. And yet but what's your owne Sir, I am serious,
And it will ill become your Oathes and Vowes
To iest at my vndoeing.

Par. You would say
Rather your doing.

Iu. In doing thus, you should vndoe me quite.

Par. What doe you weepe, that late did rayle in clamor?
Your thunders turned to showres? It is most strange.

Iu. You haue dishonoured me, and by your flattery
Haue rob'd me of my chaste Virginitie:

Yet

A Maiden-head well lost.

Yet ere I yeelded, we were man and wife,
Sauing the Churches outward Ceremony.

Par. But Lady, you that would be wonne by me
To such an act of lust, would soone consent
Vnto another.

In. Can this be found in man?

Par. This *Stroz*'s language moues me, and I intend
To try what patience, constancy, and loue
There can be found in woman: why do you weepe?
You are not hungry, for your bellie's full;
Lady, be rul'd by me: take the aduice
A Doctor gaue a Gentleman of late,
That sent to him to know, whether Tobacco
Were good for him or no: My friend quoth he,
If thou didst neuer loue it, neuer take it;
If thou didst euer loue it, neuer leaue it:
So I to thee; if thou wert as thou hast
Beene alwayes honest, I could with thee still
So to continue; but being a broken Lady,
Your onely way's to make vse of your Talent,
Farewell, I'le to my Countrey. *Exit Parma.*

In. Oh miserable,

Let me but reckon vp ten thousand ills
My looseneffe hath committed, the aspersion
And scandalous reputation of my Childe,
My Father too, 'tmaist come vnto his eare,
Oh——

Enter Millicine.

Duke. Inlia.

In. Away.

Duke. Come hither, but one word.

In. That all those blacke occurrents should conspire,
And end in my disgrace.

Duke. Ha! what's the businesse?

In. If all men were such,
I should be sorry that a man beget me,
Although he were my father.

Duke.

A Maiden-head well lost. 29

Duke. *Julia*, how's that?

Jul. Oh Sir, you come to know whether Tobacco be good for you or no; I'll tell you, if you neuer tooke it, neuer take it then, or if you euer vs'd it, take it still; Nay, I'me an excellent Phisitian growne of late I tell you.

Duke. What meane these strange Anagrams?
I am thy Father and I loue thee sweete.

Jul. Loue me thou dost not.

Duke. VVhy thou dost know I doe.

Jul. I say thou dost not: lay no wager with me,
For if thou dost, there will be two to one
On my side against thee.

Duke. Ha! I am thy Father,
Why *Julia*?

In. How my Father I then doe one thing
For me your Daughter.

Duke. One thing? any thing,
Ey all things.

In. Instantly then draw your sword,
And pierce me to the heart.

Duke. I loue thee not so ill,
To be the Author of thy death.

In. Nor I my selfe so well, as to desire
A longer life: if you be then my Father,
Punish a sinne that hath disgrac't your Daughter,
Scandall'd your blood, and poyson'd it with mud.

Duke. Be plaine with vs.

In. See, I am strumpeted,
A bastard issue growes within my wombe.

Duke. VVhose fact?

In. Prince *Parma*.

Duke. *Stroza*.

Str. My Lord.

Duke. Search out
Prince *Parma*, bring the Traytour backe againe
Dead or aliuie.

Str. My Lord, he is a Prince.

Duke

A Maiden-head well lost.

Duke. No matter ; for his head shall be the ransom
Of this foule Treason. When I say begon.
But as for thee base and degenerate---

Int. Doe shew your selfe a Prince : let her no longer
Liue, that hath thus disgrac't your Royall blood.

Duke. Nature preuailes 'boue honour : her offence
Merits my vengeance, but the name of Childe
Abates my Swords keene edge : yet Royalty
Take th' vpper hand of pittie : kill the strumpet,
And be renown'd for Iustice.

Int. Strike, I'll stand.

Duke. How easie could I period all my care,
Could I her kill, and yet her Infant spare :
A double Murder I must needes commit,
To ruine that which neuer offended yet.
Oh Heauen ! in this I your assistance craue,
Punish the faultier, and the innocent saue.

Int. You are not true to your owne honour Father.
To let me longer liue.

Duke. Oh *Julia*, *Julia*,
Thou hast ouerwhelm'd vpon my aged head
Mountaines of griefe, & oppresse me to my graue.
Is *Parma* found ?

Str. My Lord, hee's priuately
Fled from the Court.

Duke. Then flye thou after villaine.

Str. Sir, are you madde ?

Duke. What's to be done ? Alacke,
I cannot change a father and a Prince
Into a small Hang-man : tell me *Julia*,
Is thy guilt yet but priuate to thy selfe ?

Int. It is my Lord.

Duke. Conceale it then : wee'll study
To salue thy honour, and to keepe thy looseriess
From all the world conceal'd, compress thy griefe,
And I will study how to shadow mine.

A Mayden-head well lost.

Wipe from thy cheekes these teares : oh cursed Age,
When Children 'gainst their Parents all things dare,
Yet Fathers still proue Fathers in their care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Moth. Oh misery beyond comparison !
When saue the Heauens we haue no roofe at all
To shelter vs.

Clow. That word all
Sticke more in my stomacke then my victuals can : For in-
deede wee can get none to eate now ; I told you, you were so
prodigall we should pinch for't. (Prouince?)

Wife What place may wee call this ? what Clime ? what

Clow. Why this is the Duke-dome of *Florence*, and this
is the Forrest where the hard-hearted Duke hunts many a
Hart : and there's no Deere so deare to him, but hee'll kill it :
as goodly a large place to starue in, as your Ladiship can de-
sire to see in a Summers day.

Wife Yet here, since no man knowes vs, no man can
Deride our misery : better dye staru'd,
Then basely begge.

Clow. How better starue then begge ; all the Ladies of
Florence shal neuer make me of that beleefe. I had rather beg
a thousand times, then starue once, doe you scorne begging ?
Your betters doe not, no Madam ; get me a Snap-lacke, I'll
to *Florence* : I'll make all the high wayes ring of me with for
the Lords sake. I haue studied a Prayer for him that giues,
and a Poxe take him that giues nothing. I haue one for the
Horse-way, another for the Foote-way, and a third for the
turning-stile. No Madam, begging is growne a gentleman-
like Calling here in our Countrey.

Wife I haue yet one poore piece of Gold reseru'd,
Step to the Village by and fetch some Wine.

Clow. You had better keepe your Gold, and trust to my
begging Oratory, yet this is the worst they can say to mee,
that

A Maiden-head well lost.

that I am my Ladies Bottle-man. *Exit Clowne.*

Wife Here's a strange change: we must be patient,
Yet can I not but weepe thinking on thee.

Lan. Madam on me? there is no change of Fortune
Can pusse me or deiect me: I am all one
In rich abundance and penurious want:
So little doe my miseries vex me,
Or the faire Princeesse wrong, that I will end
My passions in a Song. *A Song.*

Sound Hornes within.

Wife It seemes the Duke is Hunting in the Forrest,
Here let vs rest our selues, and listen to
Their Tones, for nothing but mishap here lies;
Sing thou faire Childe, I'll keepe tune with my eyes.
Winde hornes. And enter the Prince of Florence & Monnsieur.

Prince This way the voyce was, let vs leaue the Chace.

Moun. Behold my Lord two sad deiected Creatures
Throwne on the humble verdure.

Prince Here's beauty mixt with teares, that pouerty
Was neuer bred in Cottage: I'll farther question
Their state and fortune.

Wife Wee're discovered,
Daughter arise.

Prince What are you gentle Creatures?
Nay answere not in teares.
If you by casuall losse, or by the hand
Of Fortune haue beene crusht beneath these sorrowes,
He demands your griefe
That hath as much will as ability
To succour you, and for your owne faire sake;
Nay beautious Damsell, you neede not question that.

Lan. If by the front we may beleue the heart,
Or by the out-side iudge the inward vertue:
You faire Sir, haue euen in your selfe alone
All that this world can promise; for I ne're
Beheld one so compleate; and were I sure

A Maiden-head well lost.

Although you would not pittie, yet at least
You would not mocke our misery: I would relate
A Tale should make you weepe.

Prince. Sweete if the Prologue
To thy sad passion mooue thus: what will the Scene
And tragicke act it selfe doe? Is that Gentlewoman
Your Mother sweete?

Lan. My wretched Mother Sir.

Prince. Pray of what Pronince?

Lan. *Milaine.*

Prince. What fortune there?

Lan. My Father was a Noble Gentleman,
Rank't with the best in Birth, and which did adde
To all his other vertues, a bold Souldier;
But when he dy'de———

Prince. Nay, proceede beauteous Lady,
How was your Father fal'd?

Lan. To tell you that,
Were to exclaime vpon my Prince, my Countrey,
And their Ingratitude: For he being dead,
With him our fortunes and our hopes both fal'd;
My Mother loath to liue ignobly base,
Where once she flourisht, hauing spent her meanes
Not loosely nor in riot, but in the honour
Of her dead Husband: left th'ingratefull Land,
Rather to spend her yeares in pouerty,
Mongst those that neuer knew her height of Fortune,
Then with her thankelesse Friends and Countrey-men,
Fled here to perish.

Prince. More then her Charming beauty
Her passion moues me: where inhabit you?

Lan. Here, every where.

Prince. Beneath these Trees?

Lan. We haue

No other rooffe then what kinde Heauen lends,

Prince. Gentle Creature,

A Mayden-head well lost.

Had you not told me that your Birth was Noble,
I should haue found it in your face and gesture.
Mounſieur.

Mounſieur My Lord.

Prince Go winde thy Horne abroad, and call to vs
Some of our traine : we pittie theſe two Ladies,
And we will raiſe their hope : Cheere you old Madam,
You ſhall receive ſome bounty from a Prince.

Enter a Huntſ-man.

Who keeps the Lodge below ?

Huntſ. Your Highneſſe Huntſ-man.

Prince Command him to come hither, and inſtantly
We giue it to theſe Ladies : beſides, adde
Vnto our Gueſt three thouſand pounds a yeare :
We'le ſee it furniſht 'oo with Plate and Hangings.
'Las pretty Maide, you ſay, rather's dead you ſay,
We'le take you now to our owne Patronage,
And traſt me Lady, while wee'ne Prince of Florence,
You ſhall not want nor foode, nor harborage.

Wiſe Pardon Great Sir, this our neglect of duty
Vnto a Prince ſo gracious and compleate
In vertuous indowments.

Law. To excuſe
Our former negligence, behold I caſt
Me at your ſhoote.

Prince Ariſe ſweete, pray your name ?

Law. Lauretta.

Prince Faire Lauretta, you ſhall be henceforth ours,
Oh Mounſieur ! I ne' ſaw where I could loue
Till now.

Maide. How now my Lord, remember pray,
What you are to this poore diſtreſſed Maide. (Heauen,

Prince Well Mounſieur, well ; when e're I match, pray
We loue ſo well : but loue and toyle hath made vs

A Mayden-head well lost.

Even somewhat thirsty, would we had some Wine.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Nay, now I thinke I haue fixed you with a Cup of Nipsitato.

Moun. How now sirrah, what are you?

Clow. What am I? Nay what art thou?
I thinke you le prove little better then a finell-smocke,
That can finde out a pretty wench in such a Corner.

Wife. Peace sirrah, 'tis the Prince.

Clow. What if he be? he may loue a Wench as well as another man.

Prince. What hast thou there?

Clow. A bottle of Wine and a Manchet that my Lady sent me for.

Prince. Thou ne're couldst come to vs in better time,
Reach it vs Mounseur.

Moun. Your bottle quickly sirrah, come I say.

Clow. Yes, when? can you tell? doe you thinke I am such an Ass, to part so lightly with my liquor? Know thou, my friend, before I could get this bottle fill'd, I was glad to change a piece of Gold, and call for the rest againe. And doe you thinke I'll loose my liquor, and haue no Gold nor rest againe? Not so my Friend, not so.

Moun. There's Gold sir.

Clow. Madam, will you giue me a Licence to sell VVine?
I could get no Plate in the Forrest but a wooden Dish.

Wife. Fill to the Prince Lauretta.

Lauretta. Will it please

Your Highnesse drinke out of a wooden Mazer?

Prince. Yes sweete with thee in any thing: you know
Wee are a Prince, and you shall be our taster.

Lauretta. Why should I loue this Prince? his bounteous gifts
Exalt me not, but make me much more poore,
I'me more dejected then I was before.

Wife. Sir.

Moun.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Moun. Lady, thanks: I feare me he is caught,
But if he be, my Counsell must diuert him.

Clow. The bottome of the bottle is at your seruice Sir,
Shall you and I part stakes?

Moun. There's more Gold for you.

Clow. I had rather you had broke my pate then my draught,
but harke you Sir, are you as a man should say, a belonger to?

Hunt. A belonger to? what's that sir?

Clow. Oh ignorant! are you a follower?

Hunt. I seldome goe before when my betters are in place.

Clow. A Seruing-man I take it. *Hunt.* Right sir.

Clow. I desire you the more complement: I haue the cour-
tesie of the Forrest for you.

Hunt. And I haue the courtesie of the Court for you sir.

Clow. That's to bring me to the Buttery hatch, and neuer
make me drinke.

Prince Sirrah, conduſt thoſe Ladies to the Lodge,
And tell the Keeper we haue ſto'd for him,
A better fortune; you ſhall heare further from vs,
You viſher them.

Hunt. Come Ladies will you walke?

Clow. How now ſawce-boxe, know your manners: was
not I Gentleman viſher before you came? Am not I hee, that
did the bottle bring? Come Ladies follow me.

Exit Clowne with Ladies, with Hunt (man)

Moun. Your purpose Sir, is to loue this Lady,
And hazard all your hopes.

Prince Oh gentle Friend,
Why was I borne high? but to raise their hopes
That are dejected: so much for my bounty.

Moun. But for your loue.

Prince It is with no intent
To make the Maide my wife, because I know
Her fortunes cannot equall mine.

Moun. Then 'twere more dishonorable

A Mayden-head well lost.

To strumpet her.

Prince Still thou mistak'st, mine
Is honourable loue, and built on vertue;
Nor would I for the Emperours Diademe,
Corrupt her whom I loue.

Moun. Braue Prince I'me glad
That ere I kept thy Company.

Prince Come Mounſieur, night ſteales on, not many yeares
Shall paſſe me, but I purpoſe to reuiſite
This my new Miſtreſſe, my auſpicious fate
To thee my happy loue I conſecrate.

Exeunt.

A Dumb ſhow. Enter the Duke of Milleins, a Midwife
with a young Childe, and after them Stroza: the Duke
ſhewes the Childe to Stroza, hee takes it: then the Duke
ſweares them both to ſecrecy vpon his Sword, and exit with
the Midwife: then Stroza goes to hide it, and Parma
doggs him: when hee hath laide the Childe in a Corner, he
departs in haſte, and Parma takes vp the Childe and
ſpeakes.

Par. Thou ſhouldeſt be mine: and durſt I for my Head
Euen in the open Court I'de challenge thee,
But I haue ſo incenſt th'offended Duke,
And layd ſuch heauy ſpots vpon her head,
I cannot doo't with ſafety: methinkes this Child
Doth looke me in the face, as if 'twould call
Me Father, and but this ſuſpected Stroza
Stuff my too credulous eares with iſalonies.
For thee ſweete Babe I'le ſwear, that if not all,
Part of my blood runnes in thy tender veynes,
For thoſe few drops I will not ſee the periſh;
Be it for her ſake whom once I lou'd,
And ſhall doe ener: Oh iniurious Stroza!
I now begin to feare; for this ſweete Babe
Hath in his face no baſtardy, but ſhewes

A Maiden-head well lost.

A Princely semblance : but *Seroza* and the Duke,
This will I keepe as charie as her honour,
The which I prize about the Vniuerse.
Though she were forc't to be vnnaturall,
I'll take to me this Infants pupillage;
Nor yet resoln'd, till I a way haue found
To make that perfect which is yet vnfound.

Exit.

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Enter Millicine with Lords and Iulia.

Millicine Forbear my Lords for a few priuate words:
Faure Daughter, wee'le not chide you farther now,
Nor adde vnto your blushes : by our rude
Reproofes your faults are couered with these your sighes,
Since all your fire of lust is quencht in ashes.

Iul. Durst I presume my Lord, to know
Whither you haue sent my sonne ?

Mil. I'll not haue it question'd.
I strue to salue thy honour, and thou seek'st
To publish thy disgrace : my study is
Where I may picke thee out a noble Husband,
To shadow these dishonours, and keepe thee
From the like scandall.

Iul. Whom but *Parmaes* Prince.

Mil. Oh name him not thou strumpet.

Iul. I haue done.

Mil. There's a Prince of noble hopes and fortunes,
The Prince of *Florence* : what if I sent to him
About a speedy Marriage ? for I feare,

E

Delay

A Mayden-head well lost.

Delay may breed strange doubts.

Int. Since I haue lost the name of Child,
I am a seruant now and must obey.

Enter Stroza and Lords.

Mil. Stroza.

Str. Your eare my Lord, 'tis done.

Mil. Laid out?

Str. To safety as I hope.

Mil. What, and suspectlesse?

Str. Vnlesse the silent Groue of Trees should blabe,
There is no feare of scandall, mantled close,
I left the sucking Babe where the next passenger
Must finde it needes, and so it hapned for
Some two yeares after,
Passing that way to know where 'twas become,
'Twas gone, and by some courteous hand I hope
Remou'd to gentle fosterage.

Mil. My excellent friend,
For this wee'le bosome thee: your counsel *Stroza*,
Our Daughter's growne to yeares, and we intend
To picke her out a Husband, in whose issue
Her name may flourish, and her honours liue:

All Lords Most carefully deuise'd.

Mil. But where my Lords
May we prouide a match to equall her?

1 Lord Ferrara hath a faire and hopefull Heire.

2 Lord And so hath *Mantua*.

3 Lord How do you prize the Noble *Florentine*?

1 Lord In fame no whit inferiour.

2 Lord But in state

Many degrees excelling: aime no further
Sir, if that may be accepted.

Duke To *Florence* then wee'le streight dispatch Embassa-
Stroza, bee't your care to mannage this high businesse.

Oh

A Maiden-head well lost.

Oh to see
How Parents loue descends : and how foe're
The Children proue vngratefull and vnkinde,
Though they deride, we weepe our poore eyes blinde, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne gallant, and the
Huntiman.*

Clow. Nay, nay, the case is alter'd with mee since you saw me last : I was neuer in any hope to purchase any other suite then that I wore yesterday ; but now I can say *Ecce signum*, the case is alter'd. Now euery begger comes vpon me with *good Gentleman, good Gentleman* : when yesterday Gentlemen would haue shun'd the way for feare I should haue begg'd of them. Then comes another vpon mee with *good your Worship, good your Worship*, then doe I double my tyles, and cast him a single two-pence.

Hunt. Sirrah, thou may'st thanke the Prince for this.

Clow. Thou say'st true ; for he hath chang'd our woodden Dishes to Si uer Goblets : goodly large Arras that neuer yet deseru'd hanging, he hath caus'd to be hang'd round about the Chamber : My Lady and Mistresse, now my Lady and Mistresse lyes ouer head and eares in Downe and Feathers : well, if they be ru'd by me, I would haue them to keepe their beds.

Hunt. Why wouldst thou haue them lye a bed all day ?

Clow. Oh dull ignorant ! I meane knowing how hard they haue bin lodg'd in the Forrest ; I would not haue them sell away their beds, and lie vpon the boords.

Hunt. Oh now I vnderstand you sir.

Clow. Ey, ey ; thou may'st get much vnderstanding by keeping my company : But Sir, does not the new Gowne the Prince sent my Mistresse, become her most incomparably ?

Hunt. 'Tis true : 'tis strange to see how Apparell makes or marres.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Clow. Right: for yeasterday thou wouldst haue taken me
for a very Clowne, a very Clowne; and now to see, to see.—

Enter Mother and the young Lady gallant.

Wife Sirrah.

Clow. Madam.

Lau. To see if the Tayler that made your Gowne, hath
put ne're an M. vnder your Girdle, there belongs more to bea-
ten Sattin then sirrah.

Lau. What thinke you Mother of the Prince his bounty,
His vertue, and perfection?

Wife He's a mirrour, and deserues a name
Amongst the famous Worthies.

Lau. Heighce.

Wife Why sigh you?

Lau. Pray tell me one thing Mother: when you were
Of my yeares, and first lou'd, how did you feele
Your selfe?

Wife Loue Daughter?

Clow. Shee talks: Now, if shee should be enamored of
my comely shape; for I haue (as they say) such a foolish yong
and relenting heart, I should neuer say her nay, I should ne-
uer weare off this stand further off.

Lau. Stand farther off sir.

Clow. No, I'll assure your Ladiship 'tis beaten Sattin.

Lau. Then take your Sattin farther.

Clow. Your Ladiship hath coniu'r'd me, and I will auoide
Satan.

Lau. Had you not sometimes musings, sometimes extasies,
VVhen some delicate aboue other
VVas present?

Wife I aduise you curbe your sence in time,
Or you will bring your selfe into the way
Of much dishonour.

Lau. And speake you by experience Mother? then

I doe

A Mayden-head well lost.

I doe begin to feare lest that his shape
Should tempt me, or his bounty worke aboute
My strength and patience ; pray Mosher leaue vs neuer,
Lest that without your Company, my loue
Contending with my weakenesse, should in time
Get of the vpper hand.

Wife For this I loue thee.

Enter Clowne running.

Clow. So hoe Mistris Madam, yonder is the Prince, and
two or three Gentlemen come riding vpon the goodliest Hor-
ses that euer I set my eyes vpon: and the Princes Horse did
no sooner see me, but he weeighed and wagg'd his tayle: now
I thinking he had done it to take acquaintance of me, said a-
gaine to him, Gramery Horse; so I left them, and came to tell
your Ladiship.

Law. Goe see them stabled, my soule leapt within me
To heare the Prince but named.

Enter Prince and Mounseieur.

Prince Now my faire Friend.

Law. Your hand-mayd mighty Prince.

Prince Looke Mounseieur,
Can she be lesse then Noble? nay deserues she
Thus habited, to be tearm'd lesse then Royall,
What thinkst thou Mounseieur?

Moun. Faith my Lord,
I neuer loue a woman for her habite,
When Sir I loue, I'll see my lone starke naked.

Prince Right courteous Lady,
Our bounty is too sparing for your worth,
Yet such as 'tis accept it.

Wife Royall Sir,
'Tis beyond hope or merit.

A Mayden-head well lost,

Prince I prithee Mounſieur,
A little comp'ement with that old Lady,
Whilſt I conferre with her.

Moun. I thanke you Sir :
See, you would make me a ſir Panderus, *Hee talkes with*
Yet farre as I can ſee you, I will truſt you. *the old Lady.*
Sweete Lady, how long is't—nay keepe that hand,
Since thoſe fierce warres 'twixt *Florence* and great *Millaine* ?
Nay that hand ſtill.

Prince And haue you ne're a loue then ?

Lau. Yes my Lord:
I ſhould belye my owne thoughts to deny,
And ſay I had none.

Prince Pray acquaint me with him,
And for thy ſake let giue him ſtate and Honours,
And make him great in *Florence*. Is he of birth ?

Lau. A mighty Duke-domes Heire.

Prince How now my *Lauretta* ?
I prithee ſweete where liues he ?

Lau. In his Countrey.

Prince Honour me ſo much
As let me know him.

Lau. In that your Grace muſt pardon me.

Prince Muſt ? then I will. Is he of preſence ſweete ?

Lau. As like your Grace as one Prince to another.

Prince Honour me ſo much then, as let me know him.

Lau. In that excuſe me Sir.

Prince Thee, loue I will
In all things : wherefore ſtudy you ?

Lau. Why my Lord ?
I was euen wiſhing you a mighty harme ;
But pardon me 'twas out euen vnawares.

Prince Harme ? there's none can come from thee *Laurett*,
Thou art all goodneſſe, nay confeſſe it ſweete.

Lau. I was wiſhing with my ſelfe that you were poore :
Oh pardon me my Lord, a poore, a poore man.

Prince

A Maiden-head well lost.

Prince. Why my *Lauretta*?

Lau. Sir, because that little
I haue, Might doe you good : I would you had
No, money, nay, no meanes : but I speake idly,
Pray pardon me my Lord.

Prince. By all my hopes
I haue in *Florence*, would thou wert a Dutchesse,
That I might court thee vpon equall tearmes ;
Or that I were of low dejected fortunes,
To ranke with thee in Birth : for to enioy
Thy beauty, were a greater Dowre then *Florence*
Great Duke-dome.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Are you close at it ? and you too crabbed Age, and you the—
there's Rods in pisse for some of you.

Prince. Now sir, the newes ?

Clow. Oh my Lord, there's a Nobleman come from the
Court to speake with you.

Prince. Mounseur, vpon my life 'tis some Embassadour.

Moun. Good Sir make haste, lest I be challeng'd for you.

Prince. No worthy Friend, for methou shalt not suffer,
At our best leasur'd houres we meane to visite you ;
Now giue me leaue to take a short fare-well.

Exeunt Prince and Mounseur.

Lau. Your pleasure is your owne,
To part from him I am rent quite asunder.

Clow. And you can but keepe your leggs close,
Let him rend any thing else and spare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Florence and Lords with Stroza Embassadour.

Flo. Speake the true Tenor of your Embassie.

Str. If *Florence* prize the Duke of *Millaines* loue,

His

A Mayden-head well lost.

His indear'd Amity: If he haue minde
To mixe with him in consanguinity,
To strengthen both your Realines: he make the proiect
To your faire Treaty, that your hopefull Heire
Shall with the Princesse *Julia* his faire Daughter,
Be ioynd in Marriage; her large Dowre shall be
A spacious Duke-dome after his decease.
But which my Lord counts most, is a faire League
'Twixt your diuided Duke-domes.

Florence We doe conceite you:
But for the Dowre you craue?

Str. Ten thousand Crownes
By th'yeare.

Flo. 'Tis granted: onely our Sonnes consent
Is wanting: but see here, he wisht for comes.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prince Mounfieur, what are those?

Moun. Embassadors my Lord.

Prince Whence are these Lords?

Duke From *Millaine*.

Prince Their businesse Royall Sir?

Flo. About a match,

Which if you't please, we highly shall applaud.

They offer you a faire and vertuous Princesse

Vnto your bed:

Prince Vnto my bed my Lord?

I am not so affraide of spirits Sir,

But I can lye alone without a bed-fellow.

Flo. 'Tis the faire Princesse *Julia* you must Marry.

Prince Marry my Lord?

Flo. I marry must you Sir,

Or you diuorce your selfe from our deare loue.

Prince But is she faire?

Stro. As euer *Hellen* was.

Prince

A Mayden-head well lost.

Prince. What, and as Chaste?

Stroza. It were not Princely in you, Royall Sir,
To question such a Princeesse Chastity;
I could haue instanc'd *Lucrece*.

Prince. Would you had,
For both were rauisht.

Moun. How's this my Lord?
They offer loue and beauty, which being both
So freely offer'd, doe deserue acceptance,

Stroza. Your answer Sir?

Prince. That I am yours:
The States; and if you please
So to dispose me, hers: what ere she be,
Come friend, I must impart my Loue this newes,
Or it will rend my heart.

Exit Prince.

Stroza. I shall returne this answer.

Florens. Faithfully

As we intend it: But you first shall taste
The bounty of our Court, with royall Presents
Both to the Duke your master, and the Princeesse;
It done, prepare we for this great solemnity,
Of Hymeneall Iubilies. Fixt is the day,
Wherein rich *Florens* shall her pompe display. *Exeunt.*

Enter Parma and a Lord of Millaine.

Parm. Onely to you, of all the *Millaine* Peeres,
I dare expose my safety.

Lord. In these armes
My Lord, you are Sanctuared.

Parm. I doe not doubt it:
But I pray you tell me, since I left the Court,
How is my absence taken?

Lord. Of the Duke,
With much distaste.

Parm. But of the Princeesse *Julia*?

A Maiden-head well lost.

Lord Full two Moneths
Shee kept her Chamber, grievously distracted,
They say, meere grieve for your departure hence.

Parm. Brauely manag'd,
The Duke I see was more kind to her fame,
Then to his prettie grand-child; well Ile salt it all,
But what thinke you if after all I should
Send Letters to her, or Ambassadors?
I should not win her, for I know
Th' aue her heart in bondage.

Lord Why worthy Prince,
Haue you not heard the newes : Shee hath beene offered
Vnto the *Florentine*, the match accepted,
And the Nuptiall day the tenth of the next Moneth.

Parm. No more : Pray leaue mee Sir,

Lord. I will : Pray Sir

Regard your safety.

Exit Lord.

Parm. To bee married, *Ruinam in vestitum semper*,
I did neglect her, but being deni'd,
I doate vpon her beautie : Methinkes 'tis fit,
If I begot the Child ? I wed the Mother :
The Prince, I pitie hee should bee so wrong'd,
And I the Instrument : Now helpe mee braine,
That neare was wont to fayle mee : 'Tis decreed
Something to Plot, although I faile to speede. *Exit Parma.*

Enter Clowne, Mother, and Lauretta.

Clowne I wonder you should bee so sad and melanchollie,
Ile lay a yeeres wages before hand Ile tell your disease,
As well as any Doctor in *Florence*, and
Let me but feeke your pulse.

Lauretta. Away, you are a foole, and trouble vs.

Clowne That's no matter whether I bee a foole or a phisician,
If I loose, Ile pay, that's certaine.

Wife

A Maiden-head well lost.

Wife Try the fooles counsell daughter, but bee sure
To forfit, and to pay.

Lauret. Now fir, your skill.

Clowne Nay, I must feele your pulse first, for if a Womans
pulse bee neere a place, I know there's few heere of my yeeres
but would bee glad to turne Doctors.

Lauret. Now fir, you see I doe not smile.

Clowne Nay, if it bee nothing else, Ile fetch that will cure you
presently.

Exit Clowne.

Wife Child I must chide you, you giue too much way
vnto this humour: It alters much your beautie.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne Oh young Mistris, where are you, the Prince,
The Prince.

Lauret. Oh Mother, doe you heare the newes, the Prince,
The Prince is comming: Where is hee, oh where?

Clowne Where is hee? Why at the Court; where should hee
bee? I did but doo't to make you smile: Nay, Ile tickle you
for a Doctor: Madam I haue a yeeres wages before hand.

Lauret. Is hee not come then?

Clowne No marrie is hee not.

Lauret. My soule did leape within, to heare the Prince
But nam'd: It started every ioynt.

Clowne Nay Madam, the Prince is come.

Wife Away, your foolerie's vnseasonable,
Weele not beleene you.

Enter the Prince and Mounfieur.

Clowne If you will not beleene mee, will you beleene these?

Lauret. Welcome my Lord: And wherefore doe you sigh?

Prince I sigh *Lauretta*, cause I cannot chuse.

Lauret. Nor could I chuse, should you but sigh againe.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Prince He tell thee Loue, strange newes : I must be married.
Lauret, Married my Lord !

Prince Why doe you weepe ? You blam'd mee now for sigh-
ing : Why doe you melt in teares ? Sweet what 's the cause ?

Lauret. Nay, nothing.

Prince And as I told thee Sweete ; I must bee married,
My Father and the State will haue it so ;
And I came instantly to tell the newes
To thee *Lauretta* ; As to one, from whom
I nothing can conceal.

Lauret. Why should you grieue
For that ? For I, my Lord, must haue a Husband too.

Prince Must you ? But when 's the day ?

Lauret. When 's yours my Lord ?

Prince The tenth of the next moneth.

Lauret. The selfe same day,
And selfe same houre that you inioy your loue,
My Princely Husband I must then inioy.

Prince But doe you loue him ?

Lauret. Not my selfe more deere.

Prince How happie are you about mee faire friend,
That must inioy where you affect ? When I
Am tide to others fancies : It was your promise
That I should know him further.

Lauret. You shall see him
That day, as richly habited as the great
Heire of *Florence* : But royall Sir, what 's shee
That you must bed then ?

Prince 'Tis *Julia*,
The Duke of *Millames* daughter : Why change your Face ?

Lauretta speaks to her selfe.

Lauret. That shee that hates mee most should liue to inioy
Him I affect best : O my ominous fate,
I thought to haue hid mee from thee in these desarts,
But thou dost dogg mee euery where. *Shee Swornes.*

Prince

A Mayden-head well lost.

Prince Looke to her safety, not for the Crowne
Of Florence I would haue her perish.

Wife Helpe to support her.

Exit with Mother and Clowne.

Prince Oh Friend, that I should change my Royaltie
To weaknesse now : I doe thinke this lodge
A Pallace, and this Beautious Mayden-head
Of greater worth then *Iulia*.

Moun. Come my Lord,
Lay by these idle thoughts, and make you ready
To entertaine your Bride.

Enter Parma disguised.

Parm. The Prince, the Prince,
I come to seeke the Prince, and was directed
Vnto this place.

Prince Thy newes.

Parm. A Letter.

Prince Whence?

Parm. Reade, the Contents will shew you ; their eyes are
from mee, and I must hence. *Exit Parma.*

The Prince reades.

Prince The *Millaine* Princessse is betroathed ; deflowred,
Not worthy of your loue, belecue this true
Vpon a Prince his word ; when you shall bed her,
And find her flawd in her Virginitie,
You shall haue cause to thinke vpon his loue
From whom you had this caution ;
But doe it with that Princely management,
Her honour bee not slandered : Hee that loues,
Admires, and honours you :
Where's hee that brought this Letter ?

Moun. Fled my Lord.

Prince Poast after ; bring him backe,

A Maiden-head well lost.

Could hee not set his hand to 't —

How now, the newes?

Moun. Hee's fled vpon a milke white Gennet Sir,
Seeming t' outstrip the winde, and I — lost him.

Prince Thou hast lost mee quite.

Moun. What meanes this passions Sir?

Prince Mounseur reade there,
What will confound thee: Oh if shee bee vnchast!
Could they find none but mee to worke vpon.

Moun. It confounds mee my Lord.

Prince If shee bee Chast,
How shall I wrong her, to question her faire Vertues?

Moun. Right.

Prince But if shee bee not right? I wrong my Honor,
Which after marriage, how shall I recall?

Moun. 'Tis certaine.

Prince Yes: Oh how am I perplex't!
Come, Ile to Court,
Ile not bee sway'd: Were shee a Potent Queene,
Where Counsell fayles mee, Ile once trust to spleene. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne with his Table-bookes.

Clowne. Let me see, the *Prince* is to bee married to morrow,
and my young Mistris meanes to keepe a Feast in the Forrest,
in honour of his wedding at the Court: Now am I sent as Ca-
terer into the City to provide them victualls, which they charg'd
me to buy; no ordinary fare, no more it shall, and therefore I haue
cast it thus: First and foremost, wee will haue — (yes downe
it shall) we will haue a Gammon of Bacon roasted, and stufft
with Oysters; And sixe Black-Puddings to bee serued vp in
Sorrell-sops; A pickell'd shoulder of Mutton, and a furloyne
of Beefe in White-broth, so much for the first course. Now, for
the second, we will haue a Cherry-Tart cut into Rashers and
broyled; A Custard Carbonado'd on the coales; A fine Ecle
swimming

A Maiden-head well lost.

swimming in clowted Creame; And fixe Sheepes-heads baked,
with the hornes peering out of the pasty-crust. The morrall is,
because it is a wedding dinner.

Enter Stroza with another Lord.

Stro. The ioyfull day's to morrow. Passe this plunge
And we are made for euer.

Clowne. What, my old Polititian? hee that vndermin'd my
old Lady and my yong Mistris? now that I could find but one
stratagem to blow him vp; I would tosse him, I would blanke-
t him i'th Ayre, and make him cut an Italian caper in the Clouds:
These Polititians can doe more execution with a pen, in their
studies, then a good Souldier with his sword in the field, but he
hath spi'd mee.

Stro. Thee friend I should haue knowne?

Clowne. And you too, I should haue knowne, but whether for
a friend, or no, ther's the question?

Stro. Thou seru'st the Generall *Sforza*.

Clow. I confesse it; but whether you haue seru'd him well, or
no, there hangs a Tale.

Stro. How doth thy noble Lady, faire *Lauretta*?
They haue left *Millaine* long, reside they here
Neere to the City *Florence*?

Clow. Some three miles off, here in the Forrest, not halfe an
houres riding.

Stro. I pray thee recommend me to them both,
And say, It shall goe hard with mine affaires
But Ile find season'd houres to visit them.

Clow. You shall not want directions to find the place, come
when you will, you shall be most heartily—poyson'd.

Stro. Tell them, The newes that they are well
Is wondrous pleasing to me, and that power
I haue in *Millaine* is refer'd for them,
To worke them into grace: I can but smile,

To

A Mayden-head well lost.

To see how close I haue plotted their exile.

Now businesse calls me hence: farewell.

Exit.

Clow. And behang'd, Mounſieur *Stroza*, whose description
My *Muse* hath included in these few lines;

Stroza, Thy Head is of a comely Block,

And would shew well, crown'd with the combe of Cock:

His Face an Inne, his Brow a sluttish Roome,

His Nose the Chamberlaine, his Beard the Broome,

Or like New-market Heath, that makes theeues rich,

In which his Mouth stands iust like Devils-ditch.

And so farewell to your worship, graue Monnsieur *Stroza*,

For I must about my market.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

A Dumb shew. *Enter at one doore, the Duke of Millaine, Iulia, Stroza, and a Bishop: At the other doore, the Duke of Florens, the Prince and Mounſieur, with attendants: Then the Bishop takes their hands and makes signes to marry them, and then the Prince speakes.*

Prince. Stay till we be resolu'd.

Florens. What meanes our sonne?

Princ. Not to be gull'd by the best Prince in Europe;
Much lesse by *Millaine*.

Millaine. Sir, be plaine with vs.

Prin. I much suspect that Ladies Chastity.

Millaine. Hers. *Prin.* I haue said.

Stroza. Ther's Worme-wood.

Millaine. I came in termes of Honour,
Brought with me, all my comforts here on earth,
My daughter; to bestow her on thy son:
Poore Lady, innocently comming, forsaking all,
Father and Countrey, to betake her selfe
Vnto his bosome; and is she for all this,
Branded with shame?

Stroza

A Mayden-head well lost.

Stro. Who can accuse her, speake? what probabilities?
What ground? the place? the meanes? the season how
Shee did become corrupt?

Prince. Sir, so we have heard.

Stro. Produce the witnesse; and behould, I stand
The Champion for her honour, and will auerre
Her Chaste, about degree; infinitely honest:
Oh Prince! what, can you ground such iniury
Vpon vaine heare-say? Speake for your selfe, take spirit. *Apart to*

Julia. Came we thus farre, to be thus wrong'd? *her selfe.*

Stro. Was the slave neuer Christen'd, hath hee no name?

Julia. Have you sent for me, to accuse me heere
In this strange Clime? It is not Princely done.

Prince. O Heaven, how am I perplex!

Floren. Sonne, Sonne, you wrong
Your selfe and me too, to accuse a Lady
Of such high birth and fame; vnlesse you confesse
Your selfe to haue err'd, you needs must forfeit vs.

Moun. My Lord, yeeld to your father, lest you draw
His wrath vpon you.

Prince. Well, since I must, I will:
Your pardon, Royall Father: Yours faire Princessse:
And yours great Duke;
If I shall find my selfe truly to haue err'd,
I shall confesse your chastity much iniur'd.

Julia. Submission is to me full recompence.

Milla. My daughters honour?

Stro. Doe not stand off my Lord,
If she be wrong'd, shee's not much behind-hand.

Milla. Oh let me alone *Stroza.*

Flor. Nay, good Brother
Accept him as your Sonne.

Milla. My hearts no closet for reuenge; tis done.

Prin. Now heare my protestations: I receiue
This Ladies hand on these Conditions;

A Maiden-head well lost.

If you, my Lord, her father, or her selfe,
Know her selfe faulty, Oh confesse it here,
Before the Ceremonies fasten on me : for if hereafter
I find you once corrupted? by this right hand,
My future hopes; my Father's royalty,
And all the honours due vnto our house,
Ile haue as many liues and heads for it,
As he hath Manners, Castles, Liues and Towres ;
It shall be worthy to be booke in Chronicles
Of all strange tongues: And therefore beautious Lady,
As you esteeme a Prince his name or honour,
That youd be a *Mecenas* vnto vertue ;
If in the least of these you guilty be,
Pull backe your hand.

Stro. What if you find her chaste?

Prin. If chaste? she shall be dearer farre to me,
Then my owne soule : I will respect her honour,
Equall with that of my great Ancestours ;
All this I vow, as I am Prince and vertuous.

Stro. Then ioyne their hands.

Prin. Shee's mine : Set forwards then.

Exeunt all but Stroza.

Stro. All goes not well, This iugling will be found,
Then where am I then? would I were safe in *Millaine*.
Here Matchiuell th' waft hatcht : Could not the same
Planet inspire this pate of mine with some
Rare stratagem, worthy a lasting Character :
No, 'twill not be ; my braine is at a non-plus,
For I am dull.

Enter Millaine.

Milla. Stroza.

Stro. My Lord.

Milla. Oh now, or neuer *Stroza*!

Stroza.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Stro. I am turn'd Foole, Ass, Iddeott; Are they married?

Milla. Yes, and the Prince after the Ceremonie,
Imbrac'd her lovingly.

Stro. But the hell is,
That they must lie together, ther's the Deuill.

Milla. And then —

Stro. And then we are disgrac'd and sham'd.

Milla. Canst thou not help't man?

Stro. Why you would make
A man — midwife, woo'd you? I haue no skill.

Milla. Stroza, awake, th'art drowfie.

Stro. Peace, interrupt me not,
I ha'te: so to reuenge mee vpon her
Whom most I hate. To Strumpet her 'twere braue.

Milla. Counsell aduise me.

Stro. Youle make me mad my Lord:
And in this sweet reuenge, I am not onely
Pleas'd (with iust satisfaction for all wrongs)
But the great Prince most palpably deceiu'd.

Milla. The time runs on;
Thinke on my honor *Stroza*.

Stro. If youle eate grapes vnripe, edge your owne teeth,
Ile stay the mellow'd season, doo't your selfe,
Vnlesse you giue me time for't.

Milla. But thinke with mine, on thine owne safety *Stroza*.

Stro. Peace, giue me way my Lord, so shall the Prince
Bee palpably deceiu'd, Faire *Julia*'s honor
Most prosperously defens'd, The Duke my master,
Freed from all blame, Ware hinder'd, Peace confirm'd,
And I secur'd; Oh I am fortunate
Beyond imagination!

Milla. O deare *Stroza*,
Helpe now, or neuer!

Stro. Hee was a more Ass
That rais'd Troys Horse: 'twas a pitty fracture.

A Maiden-head well lost.

Milla. Oh mee!

Stro. *Synon*, a foole, I can doe more
With precious Gold, then hee with whining Teares.

Milla. Oh my tormented soule!

Stro. Pray my Lord, giue mee
Five hundred crownes.

Milla. What to doe with them man?

Stro. See how you stand on trifles; when our liues,
Your honour; all our fortunes lie a bleeding:
What shall I haue the Gold?

Milla. Thy purpose preethee?

Stro. I know a desolate Lady, whom with Gold
I can corrupt.

Milla. There are five hundred Crownes,
Syroza bethinke thee what thou vndertak'st,
Such an Act, would make huge *Atlas* bend his head
Vnto his heele.

Stro. But say I cannot win her,
They bide the brunt of all, heere let them stay,
With these five hundred Crownes Ile poast away.

Exit Stroza, and Duke.

Enter Mother, Daughter, and Clowne.

Clow. Maddam, yonder's a Gentleman comes to speake with
you in all hast.

Lauret. Admit him in.

Enter Stroza.

Syro. Lady bee happy, and from this blest houre
Euer reioyce faire Virgin, for I bring you
Gold, and Inlargement; with a recouerie
Of all your former losse, and dignitie,
But for a two houres labour: Nay, that no labour
Nor toyle, but a meere pleasure.

Laure. Your words like musick, please me with delight,
Beyond imagination: Offered to vs?

Being

A Maiden-head well lost.

Being exil'd our Countrey, and our friends,
Therefore good sir, delay not with long complement,
But tell these hopes more plaine.

Stro. Haue wee not heere
Too many eares?

Lauret. Wee would bee priuate sirra,
And therefore leaue vs. *Exit. Clowne.*

Stro. You haue seene the Prince of Florence?

Lauret. Yes, I haue.

Stro. Is he not for his Feature, Beauty, Goodnesse,
The most Compleate? So absolute in all things.

Lauret. All this is granted.

Stro. How happy doe you thinke that Lady then
That shall Inioy him? Nay, that shall bee the first
To proue him,

And exchange Virginitie,
Were't not bright Lady a great happinesse?

Lauret. I wish that happinesse were mine alone,
Oh my faint heart: Palsion ouer-swayes me quite,
But hide thy grieve *Lauretta*: Sir, you 'le make
Me fall in loue with him: Were I his equall,
I then should iudge him worthy of no lesse.

Stro. Loue him: What's she doth not, if shee haue eyes?
Were I my selfe a Woman: I would lay
My selfe a prostitute vnto the Prince:
Shee is not wise that would refuse him Lady.

Lauret. Good Sir bee brieft:
To what pray tends these speeches?

Stro. To thee sweete Lady: I offer all these pleasures,
Oh happie fate that hath selected mee
To be your raiser: Lady take this gold,
But that's not all: For there are greater honours
Prepared for you; the Duke of *Millaine* doth
Commend him to you: *Julia* his daughter
Hath in her honour late miscarried,

A Maiden-head well lost.

Now 't lies in you to saue and make all good.

Wife. Who? Lies this in my daughter?

Stro. Yes, in her,

Shee hath the power to make the Duke her friend,

Julia her sister, and all *Millaine* bound

To offer vp for her their Orrisons.

Lauret. Good Sir bee plaine.

Stro. This night lie with the Prince

In *Julia's* stead: There's way made for you,

Who would not woo, for what you are wooed too?

Lauret. Doe you not blush, when you deliuer this

Pray tell the Duke, all Women are not *Julia*,

And though wee bee deiected, thus much tell him,

Wee hold our honour at too high a price,

For Gold to buy.

Stro. Nay Lady, heare mee out;

You shall preserue her honour, gaine the Duke,

Redeeme your fortunes: Strengthen you in friends,

You shall haue many Townes and Turrets standing,

Which future Warre may ruine: Thinke on that.

Wife. *Lauretta*, oh behold thy mothers teares!

Thinke on thy Father, and his honour wonne,

And call to mind our exile: All the wrongs

Wee haue indured by her, to whom wee gane

No cause, and now are plung'd in a deepe stream,

Which not resisted, will for euer blemish

The name of *Sforza* thy great Ancestors,

Thou'lt waken thy dead Father from his graue,

And cause his honour'd wounds which hee receiue'd

From that vnthankfull Duke, to bleed afresh,

Powring out new blood from's grisly wounds,

If thou contentest to this abhorred fact,

Thy Mothers curse will seize on thee for euer:

Oh child, behold me on my knees: Ile follow thee;

Oh doe not leaue me thus, and pull on thee

An

A Maiden-head well lost.

An everlasting staine, to scandall all
Thy former Vertues, for the momentarie
Short pleasures of one night.

Siro. She doth not counsell well; 'tis foolish rashnes,
Womanish Indiscretion.

Lauret. Sir bee answered,
If *Julia* bee disloyall : Let her bee found
So by the Prince she wedds : Let her be branded
With the vile name of strumpet : Shee disgrac'd
Mee, that nere thought her harmes; publicly stricke mee,
Nay in the Court : And after that, procur'd
My banishment : These Iniuries I reape
By her alone, then let it light on her.

Siro. Now see your error,
What better ; safer, or more sweete reuenge,
Then with the Husband? what more could woman aske?

Lauret. My blood rebels against my reason, and
I no way can withstand it : 'Tis not the Gold
Mooues mee, but that deere loue I beare the Prince,
Makes me neglect the credit and the honour
Of my deare Fathers house : Sir, what the Duke desires
I am resolu'd to doe his vtmost will.

Wife. Oh my deare daughter.

Lauret. Good Mother speake not, for my word is past,
And cannot bee recall'd, Sir will you away?
I am resolute.

Siro. Shee yeeldes vnto her shame; which makes me blest,
Let Millions fall, so I bee crown'd with rest.

Wife. Oh mee, vnhappy, that nere knew griefe till now.

Exeunt.

Musicke. A Dumb Shew. Enter *Millaine*, to him *Siroza*, and
brings in *Lauretta* masked, the Duke takes her and puts her in-
to the Bed, and Exit.

Enter

A Mayden-head well lost.

*Enter both the Duke and Iulia, they make signes to her and Exit :
Stroza hides Iulia in a corner, and stands before her.*

*Enter againe with the Prince to bring him to bed; They cheere him
on, and others snatch his Pointes, and so Exit. The Dukes
Imbrace, and Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Millaine to Stroza.

Milla. Thou art our trusty Counsellor ; if this passe euen
We're past all feare : What is she preehee ? What ?

Stro. What's that to you, bee shee what ere she can,
All's one to vs, so she be found a Virgin ;
I haue hyred her, and shee's pleas'd.

Milla. But gaue you charge
As soone as ere the Prince was fast asleepe,
That shee should rise and giue place to our daughter ?

Stro. Doubt you not that ; what , ieaious already ?

Milla. How long she stayes, I faine would be a bed ;
Pray heauen shee doe not fall
By him asleepe, and so forget her selfe.

Stro. Heer's in my heart , a violent Feauer still ;
Nor shall I find my selfe in my true temper,
Vntill this brunt bee past.

Milla. What , not yet ? had she with *Parma* beene a bed so
It would haue more perplext mee. (long,

Enter Lauretta.

Stro. See, here shee is ;
The newes ?

Lauret. The Prince is fast, all done.

Millaine

A Maiden-head well lost.

Milla. Step in her place ;
Nay when ? and counterfeit sleepe presently.

Stro. Away to bed my Lord : You to the Forrest,
I'll to my Coach , all's well.

Exeunt Stroza and the Duke.

Lawret. And for my part , it was not much amisse,
Because my Lord the Prince had such content
Which caus'd him give his Charter to my hand,
The full assurance of faire *Julia's* dowre :
Day gins to breake, and I must to the Lodge.
Oh what a grieve it was to leave the Prince !
But leave those thoughts : These Gifts to me assign'd,
Are nothing worth the Iem I left behind. *Exit.*

Enter Prince and Monsieur with a Torch.

Moun. What doe you not like your bed-fellow, my Lord;
That you are vp so soone ?

Prin. Oh friend , was neuer man blest with a Bride
So chaste ! I'me scarce my selfe, till this be knowne
To my faire Forrest friend : Lett's mount away,
The nights quite spent, and now begins the day.

Enter Mother and Clowns.

Wife. And what was it you said sirra ?

Clo. Marry, I would intreat your Lady-ship to turne away
My fellow *Ieroms*, for I thinke hee's
No true man.

Wife. No true man, Why ?

Clo. Marry we were both in the Tauerne together tother day—

Wife. And hee stole some Plate ?

Clo. No Madam, but there stood at our elbow a pottle Pot—

Wife. And hee stole the Pot ? *(it off,*

Clo. No Madam, but he stole the wine in the Pot, and drunke

H

And

A Mayden-head well lost.

And made himseife so drunke hee be-pist himseife :
Your Ladyship could not be better be-pist in a Summers-day.

Enter Prince and Mounseur.

Prin. Good morrow Lady : Wher's your daughter pray ?
Wife Shee tooke so little rest last night, my Lord,
I thinke shee is scarce well.

Prin. Pray may wee see her ?

Wife. My Lord you may.

Shee's drawne out upon a Bed.

Song.

Hence with Passion, Sighes and Teares,
Desasters, Sorrowes, Cares and Feares.

See, my Loue (my Loue) appeares,
That thought himseife exil'd.

whence might all these loud Ioyes grow ?
whence might Myrth, and Banquet's flow ?
But that hee's come (hee's come) I know.

Faire Fortune thou hast smil'd.

2

Giue to these blind windowes, Eyes ;
Daze the Stars, and mocke the Skies,
And let vs two (vs two) devise,
To lavish our best Treasures
Crowne our wishes with Content,
Meet our Soules in sweet consent,
And let this night (this night) bee spent
In all abundant pleasures.

Prince

A Maiden-head well lost.

Prince Oh good morrow Lady,
I come to tell you newes!

Lauret. They are wellcome to me my Lord.

Prin. You know the Princeſſe *Julia* was ſuppos'd to bee
Adulterate —

Lauret. So we haue heard it rumor'd.

Prin. Oh but faire friend, ſhe was indeed bely'd!

And I this morning roſe from her chafte bed:

But wherefore ſweete caſt you that bliſhing ſmile?

But you haue broak promiſe with me: For you told me

That the ſame day and houre I tooke my Bnde,

You ſhould Inioy a Princely Husband.

Lauret. Trew
My Lord, I did.

Prin. And are you married then?

Lauret. And lay with him laſt night.

Prin. Is hee off fortunes?

Lauret. That you may ſoone conieſture by this gift.

Prin. What haue you then, ſome tokens that were his?

Lauret. Some few my Lord, amongſt the reſt, this diamond
Hee put vpon my finger.

Prin. You amaze mee!

Yet Rings may bee alike: If then your husband

Bee of ſuch ſtate and fortunes, What dowre are you allotted.

Lauret. Sir, ten thouſand crownes byth' yeere.

Prin. I gaue no more vnto my *Julia*.

But where is the ſecurity you haue

For the performance of it?

Lauret. See here, My Lord,

Sir, Is not that ſufficient for a dowry?

Prin. This is the Indenture that I gaue to *Julia*;

Preethee *Lauretta*, but reſolue me true,

How came you by this Charter?

Lauret. Pardon great Prince; for all that loue you ſpake
To *Julia*, you whiſper'd in my eare:

A Mayden-head well lost.

Shee is vnchast ; which, lest you should haue found,
Her father sent mee here, five hundred crownes
By *Stroza* ; but neither his gold, nor all
His fly temptations, could one whit mooue mee ;
Onely the loue I euer bare your honour,
Made me not prise my owne. No lustfull appetite
Made me attempt such an ambitions practise,
As to aspire vnto your bed my Lord.

Prin. Rise, doe not weepe, Oh I am strangely rapt
Into deepe strange confusion ?

Moun. *Millaine* should know, were it my case my Lord,
A better Prince then hee should not wrong me.

Prin. I haue bethought already how to beare mee ;
This Charter and this Ring, faire Lone, keepe you ;
And when I send for you, you shall repaire
Vnto the Court : This all I shall inioyne you.

Lauret. Great Sir, I shall.

Prin. Come *Monsieur*, now 'tis cast,
Revenge neere rules, so it be found at last.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the two Dukes with Iulia, Stroza and attendants.

Milla. Who saw the Prince last ? Is't a custome with him
To rise thus early ?

Floren. Sir, hee neuer sleepe
Longer then th'day, nor keepe his bed by Sunne :
'Tis not the lone of the fairest Lady liues,
Can make him leaue his morning exercise.

Iulia He neuer exercis'd with me, I'm sure ;
I might haue layne as safe, free, and vntoucht,
By any Lady liuing.

Enter the Prince and Mounsi.

Prince Pardon Lords,
I haue stay'd you long, your blessing royall Father.

My



My custome is, euer to
A womans houre : Now
I'm married to a Lady,
Reports and false Sugg
To call in publike quest
Vnto our last nights re

Stro. True my good
But did you find me fa

Prim. I doe protest,
As true and chaste a V

Within a

As I am R

Stro. Ald

Milla.

Prim. N

For the for

Her Vertue

Before I ea

I gaue you

Julia I e,

Prim. S

With whic

My father g,

Julia W

Prince nities,

Julia W

Prince I

Julia 'T

Prince I

Stro. I h

Milla. S

Stro. B.

Thou leau

Receiue the

This very r

To me ? T

You woo'd ;

Moun.

Prince 'T

'Tis strang

Where are

Stro. W

Prince 'T

Why studdards necke,

Stro. Th

Prince

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Her father sent mee here, five hundred crownes
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I haue stay'd you long, your blessing royall Father.

My

A Maiden-head well lost.



My custome is, ever to rise before
 A womans honre : Now heare me speake my Lords,
 I'm married to a Lady, whose chaste honour,
 Reports and false Suggestions, did inforce me
 To call in publike question ; but that we leave
 Vnto our last nights rest.

Stro. True my good Lord ;
 But did you find me fanity ?

Prim. I doe protest, my Lords, I boſom'd with
 As true and chaste a Virgin, as ere lodg'd

Within

A Maiden-head well lost.

Within a Princes armes; All this I vow
As I am Royall.

Siro. All's well my Lord?

Milla. All's excellent *Siroza*.

Prin. Now for an ends and publike satisfaction,
For the foule wrong I did her, questioning
Her Vertue, Ile confirme her dowre, and that
Before I eate: Sweet Lady, reach the Charter
I gaue you last night, fore you were full mine?

Iulia I receiue none Sir.

Prin. Sweet, will you tel mee that?
With which you did receiue a Ring the Duke
My father gaue me.

Iulia When?

Prince Last night.

Iulia Where?

Prince In your Bed.

Iulia 'Twas in my dreame then.

Prince Being broad awake.

Siro. I like not this: I smell a Rat:

Milla. *Siroza*, I feare too.

Siro. Brazen fore-head, Wilt

Thou leaue now: 'Tis true my Lord. You did
Receiue them both, Haue you forgot sweet Lady,
This very morning, that you gaue them both
To me? The Princefle ieasted, to see how
You woo'd but take it.

Moun. Excellent Villaine!

Prince 'Twas well put off:

'Tis strange shee's so forgetfull: I prethee *Siroza*
Where are they?

Siro. Where are they? they are —

Prince Where?

Why studdy you?

Siro. They are there —

Prince

A Mayden-head well lost.

Prince Where man?

Siro. I poasted them

To *Millaine*, sent them safe, dare you not trust my word

Prince. Not till I see my deeds.

Siro. By one oth' Princes Traine.

Prince See which of the Traine is wanting.

Moun. I shall my Lord.

Siro. I would I were in *Turkey*.

Milla. Would I were on horse-backe.

Prin. Nay, looke not you delected beautionous Bride,
For this is done onely to honour you.

Enter a Serving-man with a child in a covered Dish.

Gent. The Prince, my Master, hearing your solemnities,
Hath sent this dish, to adde a present to
Your royall Feasts, wishing himselfe therein
To be a wellcome guest.

Prince. Your Masters name?

Gent. Prince *Parma*.

Prince Give this Gentleman

A 100. crownes : This will much grace our banquet.

Flo. Ther's in that dish, some Morrall.

Milla. Comming from him,
Meethinks it should be season'd with some strange
And dangerous poyson : Touch't not, my Lord.

Flo. There should be more in't, then a feasting diin ;
What's here, a Child?

Julia Oh my perplexed heart!

Pri. Vpon his brest ther's something writ, He read it.

'Tis fit, if Iustice bee not quite exil'd

That he that wedds the mother, keepe the child.

This Child was sent to me.

Siro. From whom? whom, *Parma*? breake the bastards necke,
As I would doe the Fathers, were hee here.

Prince

A Maiden-head well lost.

Prin. Sure spare't for the Mothers sake ; t'was sent to vs :
Which of the trayne is wanting ? *Enter Mounſieur.*

Moun. None my Lord.

Prin. *Stroza*, where is this Charter and the Ring ?

Stro. I know of none.

Moun. Why, t'was confest.

Stro. Right, I confest it ; but your grace muſt know,
'Twas but to pleaſe your humour, which began
To grow into ſome violence.

Moun. I can forbear no longer ; Impudent *Stroza*,
Thou art a Villaine, periur'd, and forſworne :
That Duke diſhonourable ; and ſhee vnchaſt :
Beſides, thou hyredſt a Virgin in her roome ;
(ſlaue as thou art) to boſome with the Prince ;
Gau'ſt her five hundred Crownes. That this is true,
I will maintaine by combat.

Stro. That I did this ? Hee lies below his entrayles,
That dares to braue mee with ſuch a proud affront :
And in the honour of my Prince and Countrey
I will approoue thee recreant.

Prin. A ſtriſe, that nought ſaue combat can deſide,
The cauſe ſo full of doubts, and intricate.
See, they are both arm'd, and evenly, without odds,
Saue what the iuſtice of the cauſe can yeeld.

Exit Mounſieur and Stroza.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Bee't no intrusion held, if a ſtrange Prince
(Setting behind, all complementall leaue)
Amongſt ſtrange Princes enters : Let me know
Which is the Prince of *Florence* ?

Prince Wee are hee.

Parma. And *Parma* ?

Iuli. *Parma* ?

Prince

A Mayden-head well lost.

Prince Excuse mee Sir,
I know him not : But if I much mistake not,
Wee are late indebted to you for a present.

Parm. It was a gift, I should bee loath to part with,
But vpon good conditions. Am I then
To all a stranger : Doe you not know mee Lady ?

Milla. Heare him not speake, I charge thee by thine honor ?

Prince. *Parma* speake, and if thy speech was bent to mee ?

Parm. Ere I proccede, let mee behold this babe ;
Nere a Nurse heere ? Pray hand it you sweete Lady,
Till I find out a Mother.

Milla. Touch it not,
I charge thee on my blessing.

Julia Pardon Sir,
It well becomes my handling.

Prince. *Parma* proccede.

(thought;

Parm. Then *Florence* know, thou hast wrong'd me beyond,
Shipwrackt my Honour, and my Fame; nay strumpeted
Her, whom I tearme my Bride.

Prince 'Tis false, I neuer imbrac'd saue with one,
And her, I found to bee most truly chaste.

Parm. Then It maintaine : Hast thou a Wife heere ?

Prince Yes.

Parm. Then Ile approoue her to bee none of thine,
That thou hast fetch't her from anothers armes.
Nay more, that shee's vnchaste?

Prin. Know *Parma*, thou hast kindled such a Flame,
That all the Oceans billowes scarce can quench :
Bee that our quarrells ground.

Florence Princes, forbear :
First see the Issue of the former Combat,
Before more blood you hazard.

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Parm. And wee content.

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Parm. And wee content.

A Maiden-head well lost.

*Enter Stroza and the Mounſieur, they fight, and
Stroza is overcome.*

Moun. Yeeld thy ſelfe recreant villaine, or thou dy'ſt.

Stro. Saue mee, I will confeſſe; Is *Parma* heere?

Parm. Yes, heere wee are.

Stro. I faſely ſtuſt thy head with Iealouſies,
And for ſome priuate ends of my reuenge,
Diſgrac'd the Generall, and ſet odds betwixt
Lauretta and the Princeſſe: All theſe miſchiefes
Proceede from my ſuggeſtions.

Milla. Damne him for it.

Stro. Is that your kindneſſe? Giue me leaue to liue,
Bee't but to raynt his honour.

Prince Tell mee *Stroza*,
Was *Julia* chaſte?

Stro. No.

Prince Did her Father know it?

Stro. Yes, and more too: I had the Gold from him,
To bribe the Generalls daughter.

Florence Iniuries,
Beyond the thought of man.

Milla. Which wee'le no longer ſtrive with, ſince the hea-
uens haue laid that ope moſt plaine and palpable, which moſt
wee thought to conceale.

Prince. Will *Parma* fight?

Parm. Reſolue mee firſt? Was *Julia* found Chaſt?

Prince. I heere proteſt, wee parted both, as cleere,
As at our firſt encounter.

Parm. Then I accept her, If you my Lord
Bee plea'd ſo to part with her.

Prince. Willingly.

Julia Now haue I my deſires: Had I withall,

The

A Maiden-head well lost.

The Princely babe I boare.

Parm. See *Julia*,

Whom thy hard-hearted Father doom'd to death,

My care hath still Conserued, Imbrace it Lady;

Nay, 'tis thy owne nere feare it.

Prince. Then Prince *Parma*,

With your words Ile proceed.

'Tis fit all Iustice hee not quite exil'd,

That hee that wedds the Mother keepe the child.

Florence But Peeres, the Virgin that this *Stroza* hired
To Iustifie these wrongs?

Prince At hand my Lord:

Mounseur conduct them hither?

Moun. I shall Sir.

Milla. The Generalls Wife and Daughter.

Enter Lauretta, Wife, and Clown.

Clow. Yes and their mantoo; all that's left of him.

Prince This the Maide,

To whom I am so bound?

Lawe. Oh let me lie

As prostrate at your foot in Vassallage,

As I was at your pleasure.

Prince Sweete arise.

Clow. Your Lordship hath bin vp already, when shee was
downe: I hope if the thing you wott of goe no worse
forward then it hath begun, and that you take charge of my
young Lady, you neede not bee altogether vnmindfull of her
Gentleman-Vsher.

Florence Of what birth is that Lady?

Milla. Even the least

Enny can speake, Shee is a Souldiers Daughter,

Decended from a noble parentage.

Wife. Who with her mother,

A Maiden-head well lost.

Thus kneeles to him, as to their Soueraigne.

Intreating, grace and pittie.

Milla. You haue both :

Sure, sure, the heauens for our Ingratitude,

To noble *Sforza*, our braue generall,

Hath thus crost our proceedings : which to recompence,

Wee'le take you vnto our best patronage.

Wife. *Millaine* is honorable.

Prince But by your fauour Sir,

This must bee our owne charge.

Florence With which we are pleas'd.

Julia. *Stroza* was cause of all, but his submission

Hath sau'd him from our hate, arise in grace.

Whil'st we thus greeke *Lauretta*.

Lauret. Royall Princeesse,

I still shall be your hand-maide.

Stroza Who would strue,

To bee a villaine, when the good thus thriue ?

Prince You crowne me with your wishes, Royall father;

My Mistris first, and next my bed-fellow,

And now my Bride most welcome. Excellent Sir,

Imbrace the *Millaine* Duke, whil'st I change hand

with Princely *Parma*; *Julia*, once my Wife ?

Backe to your husband I returne you chaste :

Monsieur, bee still our friend : You our kind Mother :

And let succeeding Ages, thus much say :

Never was Maiden-head better ginen away.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

in I. front good



The Epilogue.

NEW Playes, are like new Fashions; If they take?
Followed and worne: And happy's hee can make
First into 'th Garbe: But when they once haue past
Censure, and proue not well, they seldome last.
Our Play is new, but whether shaped well
In Act or Seane, Iudge you, you best can tell:
Wee hope the best, and 'tis our least of feare,
That any thing but comely should shew heere;
Howeuer Gentlemen, 'tis in your powers,
To make it last, or weare out, in two houres.

